The buried Hare

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Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Street Fighter
Relationships:	OC has a crush on Canon Character, No Romantic Relationship(s)
Characters:	Juri Han (SF6), Manon (SF6), Marisa (SF6), Luke Sullivan (Street Fighter), Jamie Siu (SF6), Ed (Street Fighter), A.K.I (SF6), Rashid (Street Fighter), Ella Vize (SF6 OC), Vega | M. Bison | Dictator, Akuma (SF6), Ken (Street Fighter), Ryu (Street Fighter), Chun-Li (Street Fighter), Kimberly (SF6), Dee Jay (SF6), JP (SF6), Cammy (Street Fighter), Guile (Street Fighter), Dhalsim (Street Fighter), Blanka (SF6), E. Honda (Street Fighter), Lily (SF6), Other characters to be added!
Additional Tags:	Game: Street Fighter 6, it starts super dramatic, turns into kind of a comedy(?), both serious and comedic, Comedy, Angst, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Depression, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Detailed descriptions of PTSD flashbacks, Mentions of Alcohol / Drug abuse, Abusive Parents, Implied/Referenced Suicide, Implied/Referenced Character Death, It sounds super edgy but trust it gets lighter over time, Mental Health Issues, Grumpy Character, Anger, Swearing, Slow To Update, Descriptions of periods, crybaby, I DONT KNOW HOW TO WRITE FANFICS FUCKING HELP ME
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The buried Hare

by Freedom_Is_Love

Summary

Title based on 'Harpy Hare' by Yaelokre!!

A huge fanfic about my SF6 OC Ella Vize. Shes super traumatized and shit. Starts off super edgy, gets lighter and more comedic as time goes on. She goes around meeting different SF6 characters and either befriending them, or becoming their enemy. Shes a very opinionated and stubborn person, so she ends up not liking a lot of characters. Title sounds edgy, its really not THAT edgy

My writing style is absolute dogshit, and im super wordy sometimes, so if you have a relatively short attention span - this one definitely isnt for you. I dont judge, i have a very shit attention span too lmao

!!!WARNING!!!! As somebody who has severe trauma around Alcohol / Drugs, I'd like to warn any reader who is easily triggered by these topics. This fanfic has multiple mentions of child abuse and neglect as a result of substance abuse. (There will be warnings before chapters that have specific detailed descriptions of substance abuse for the safety of the reader! <3)

Im very slow when it comes to updates, and my motivation will definitely tank from time to time. So dont get too attached to this piece of shit fanfic lmao

Notes

This chapter doesnt have much to it, it's just a basic introduction to the character and her general vibe, as well as a short setup to her conflict and her issues. If you were to skip this chapter, you honestly wouldnt miss much. keep in mind, this story is not entirely angst, its gonna be silly and chaotic too. Dont be surprised if things take weird, completely unexpected turns LMAO. Super short first chapter!!

(And, if there are any men reading this, and you're squeamish towards periods - first of all, grow up LOL, second of all, this chapter includes a light description of a period.)

Altercation and reflection on reasonings left to live. (With extra blood!)

Swiftly, she meets the hard cold pavement with an ‘oof’ sound, a small groan of pain escaping her as she desperately attempts to scurry away. She’s stopped by a foot being suddenly placed on her chest, holding her down to the ground as her opponent laughs at her. She's already grimacing at the thought of how ruined her pastel pink hoodie must be, most likely covered in dirt and grime, one of the floppy bunny ears on the hood torn.

“All bark and no bite, huh? How pathetic.. I was hopin’ you’d stick to your word..”

The mocking, sadistic voice of the woman above her echoes through her mind, giving her a burning feeling of shame.

“I.. fucking.. hate.. you..” Is all Ella can cough out as she attempts to sit up again, but is completely unable to overpower her opponent.

“Ha ha! Well clearly you don't hate me enough!” Juri’s barked laugh echoes through the dark, overgrown alleyway, continuing to mock and belittle the brunette below her.

That feeling of shame burns brighter, the flame slowly growing into rage. Despite her lackluster performance, Ella felt as though she was finally getting somewhere. After years and years of fighting for her life, in a metaphorical sense, a real fight like this was her one chance to finally prove that she was worth something. That she deserved to live. And yet, she lost easily, being almost immediately knocked down with little to no issue. How utterly embarrassing.

As the girl below Juri stays silent, she starts to get bored, and she scoffs with an eye roll, before kicking her side and rolling her over onto her stomach. She barks out another small, mocking laugh, before loudly exclaiming her boredom and disappointment.

The sounds of the cruel woman’s voice faded out, melting away into just an annoying buzz of noise as Ella tries her very best to completely tune her out. She lets out a small, quiet groan of annoyance as she stumbles to her feet, shakily attempting to wipe the blood off of her face, only to smear it. She sniffles gently, turning away from Juri in a fleeting attempt to hide her tears, and further save herself the embarrassment.

And as the brunette stumbles away, she can hear the fading echoes of the other woman’s laughter and mocking. It rings in her head, gongs crashing through her thoughts, taunting her every step as she quietly sobs in her hands. Maybe she’s just overdramatic, but this feeling of shame and grief is far too much for her to bear.

She feels stupid. Weak. Utterly and completely worthless. And truly, she knows that was her enemy’s goal all along, to make her feel awful. But despite her usual facade of pretending not to care about other’s opinions, the words and implications still cut deeper than any knife could. This is a level of hopelessness she's fought for far too many years, and after all this

time training and desperately clawing her way to freedom, she's found herself stuck in this same loop yet again.

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Ella isn't sure how long she’s been walking for. Ten minutes? An hour? She can barely tell past her fuzzy, blurred vision, and the numbness she feels. Just below her dissociation, she can feel a constant hum of pain, whether from the injuries or the mental torture – she's unable to tell.

By now, she’s found herself stumbling in front of her apartment door, fumbling with her keys as quiet tears continue to drip down her face, tainted red with the blood that she had smeared across her pale skin just moments ago. She hastily unlocks her door, and immediately steps inside, slamming the door behind her as she speed walks to her restroom.

Despite the deep, rooted sense of agony she feels, she can't help but immediately worry about her looks. Perhaps she’s self-conscious, or maybe she's just upset about her makeup being ruined. Either way, as she turns on the light, and places both her hands on her restroom counter, staring up at her reflection, she can't help but feel that same shame twist in her chest. The dull stinging of metaphorical salt being rubbed into her already irritated wounds.

“Oh.. what the fuck man..” She mutters breathily in disappointment, almost shocked by her current state.

She's a hot mess. Mascara running down her face, her blackened tears mixed with the deep red blood, smearing across her cheeks. Her normally bright, blue eyes are lifeless – glossy with tears as they blur her vision. Her makeup is almost entirely smudged off, with only the faint smear of her shiny pink lipstick across the left side of her face, giving her the signature painted smile of a clown. Her hair is soaked in sweat and blood, covered in the very same dirt of the pavement she was thrown onto moments ago. Her once milky, pale skin is now covered in blood and bruises, scratched and cut by the jagged rocks she had met on the ground.

At least she looks just like how she feels. Totally awful.

And as much as she’d love to clean herself up, shower and move on, she feels far too exhausted to do much of anything besides cry. So, she sinks to her bathroom floor, hugging her knees and hiding her face away, pathetically sobbing as she curls in on herself.

Groggily, she wakes up on cold tile, her eyes fluttering open as she winces at the bright lights shining into her blurred vision. She feels an aching, awful pain in her stomach, and she groans, rolling over to hold onto her stomach with her face twisting in discomfort. And for a small, quiet moment, she silently wonders why she’s in so much pain. Sure, she got into a huge fight yesterday, but this doesn’t feel like an injury..-

The feeling of liquid running down her thighs and onto the floor below her quickly registers. She flies to sit up, staring down at the tiny puddle of blood under her brown skirt with pure shock in her eyes. A faint hint of annoyance crosses her face as she finally finds the ability to speak.

“Are you kidding me?!”

Well, those panties are gone for good, that was her favorite pair too. How pleasant. Getting her ass handed to her last night, and waking up to her period starting early. She’s losing a bit too much blood this week for comfort, honestly. And if she wasn’t pissed before, she’s absolutely livid now. To describe this emotion as cranky is an insane understatement. She feels pure, unbridled rage. At the world, at herself, at Juri, and at every other living and breathing thing on this goddamn planet. No wonder she felt extra emotional yesterday.

She had multiple things she was planning to do today, but she canceled every single one of them as soon as this started. Everything aches. The bruises sting, the cramps burn, and the dull ache of sleeping on hard tile has seeped into her bones. Not only that, but the emotional turmoil she’s going through is beyond explanation. No combination of words could ever possibly explain this level of anguish. And god knows her hormones are just amplifying every little thing she feels.

So, she spends the rest of her day scrolling on her phone, watching shitty TikToks, praying to god that this’ll pass soon.

She promises herself that tomorrow she’ll actually do something productive. But knowing her lack of motivation, she knows she's just lying to herself. Hey, maybe she’ll just take a walk around Metro City. At the very least, that’s something, right?

Awkwardly attempting to play pool, and make a friend. (Both attempts failed)

Chapter Summary

> Meeting Ed! and ella being absolutely embarrassing and pathetic. again, this chapter doesn't have much besides her being a dumbass and ed being thoroughly disappointed with her. you'll notice that pattern with a LOT of characters she ends up meeting 💀💀💀💀
>
> yes, she's canonically very bad at pool. take that information how you will. 👍 and this is where the story shifts from angsty to mostly comedic, if you couldn't tell.

Today, she decided to listen to her own advice (for once), and went out. On her walk, she found herself walking past an arcade. And, to her sudden realization, she has never actually been to an arcade. So, she had convinced herself to try it out. Why not. Yesterday was awful, might as well cheer herself up, right? Plus, her clothing glowed under the lights of the arcade, making her almost shine. She loved that, so much so that it convinced her to stay, for even a moment.

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Ella has never been more humiliated in her entire fucking life. After trying multiple different arcade games and claw machines, and miserably failing, she decided to try pool, since they had pool tables available. What was she met with? The harsh realization that she is probably the worst pool player on the planet.

Out of the three games she played, and the 100-something shots she made, she only got one ball in. Every other shot she took was a miss, scratch, or a complete whiff.

But she was dumb enough to keep trying.

“Okay- uh- wait, hold on.. Uh.. shit..” She stutters and stumbles over her own muttered pleas for extra time, her eyes darting around the table as she swiftly circles it, twitching and desperately re-adjusting her grip every five seconds.

After taking at least 10 seconds to aim, squatting down to get a better angle and everything, she had completely whiffed the shot. She didn't even hit the white ball. And for a moment, she pauses, her face already red enough with her previous embarrassing attempts. She has to hold in the urge to scream or cry. As much as she pretends to be strong and confident, she’s probably the most awkward person on the planet. In the worst way possible.

And she can’t possibly miss the cocky smirk of her opponent, the way he’s holding in his laughter as he takes his aim, and perfectly sinks his last ball.

“..I’m so fucking bad at this.” She almost sobs out, trying to laugh off her terrible losses in a fleeting attempt to ease her embarrassment. The man across from her shakes his head, chuckling himself.

“Ya sure are.” Is all he says, before he rounds the table and collects the balls. Despite his usual love of winning, he can’t help but feel some type of slight pity for this poor woman. In four games, she has only gotten one ball. Her angle is completely off, her stance is terrible, and she’s so nervous she’s sweating.

He’s quick to set everything up again, and this time is generous enough to give him his time and attempt to help her.

“Here. You’re gonna want to hold it like this, otherwise you’re just gonna whiff it again.” He stands behind her, just slightly guiding her hold on the pool cue.

And for a small second, she flinches away, expecting some type of attack or ridicule. She isn't exactly used to people helping her, after all. And, this guy doesn't seem like the type to normally help.. Anyone. He seems to almost enjoy the fact that she’s absolutely embarrassing herself.

Yet despite this, he attempted to help out. She took his advice and took her aim. Only to completely miss the cue ball once again. She lets out a small, disappointed "ah." noise as she straightens herself up, staring down at her pool cue. The sound of his short, disappointed sigh behind her is enough to make her melt into a puddle of shame.

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Through her pathetic attempts to learn a new game, she ended up making a.. Well, she wouldn't call him a friend. An acquaintance? His name is Ed. Apparently, from what he’s told her about himself, he’s the leader of some.. Rebellion group, or something. She honestly couldn’t fully decipher what the hell he was talking about, but it was called Neo Shadaloo.

And he’s way more open to conversation than she originally thought. Just from his looks, he seems like the type of guy to actively beat you to a pulp if you even try to talk to him. But as it turns out, he’s just a grumpy loser. She had learned that relatively quickly.

At first, their conversation started off.. Not the best. Half of it was just him taunting her, and bluntly telling her how awful she was at pool. Then it turned into a ‘Why are you even here?’ And it spiraled from there.

And she had managed to convince him to, at the very least, hang out with her for a bit. She knew it was pathetic, begging for a friend, but she didn’t have anybody left, and any type of connection would do her good. So now, they’re walking around town, talking about random shit. He’s still a grumpy loser, but she has a better gauge of him as a person.

“Okay, wait, I just have to ask. Do you dye your hair? Or is that natural?” Ella is gushing over his looks now. Well, mostly just his hair. If you ask her, he looks sick. Like.. he's dying. But, his hair is nice, its color is very pretty.

“Eh? Oh, nah, all natural.” At first, Ed seemed slightly confused by the question. Nobody’s ever asked him about his.. Anything before, really. Maybe the occasional questions about his bad attitude, or his status as leader, but nothing more.

He doesn't really care about this lady. She’s intriguing, to some extent, but he would honestly just rather be left alone. The only reason he’s even around her is because she most literally begged him, and he couldn't handle seeing such an awfully pathetic sight without cringing. So now he’s here. Stuck with… her.

But to her, this is a new friend. A brand new connection, for the first time in.. what.. Eight years now? So, safe to say, this means the absolute world to her.

Food, annoyance, and reflection on reality. (For only a moment)

Chapter Summary

> ella meets e. honda and just barely tolerates him. this one is a pretty short chapter, mostly just filler honestly, and a few details sprinkled here and there that might be useful for later chapters. other than that, this one isn't much. thanks for reading??????

“Seriously?!”

Ella groans in annoyance as she spills her coffee for what very well could be the third time in a row. She thought she was finally getting lucky, making a ‘friend’ yesterday, but the universe had to come back and remind her of her fate.

At the very least, she managed to get his number. Somehow, she keeps forgetting his name. Emmet? Ethan? Eddy? Oh, Ed! That’s right. ..Why does he only have one D in his name?

She can ask herself those absolutely riveting questions later. For now, she’s focused on one goal and one goal only. Getting herself some food. Sure, she always goes out to eat, but this time is different. She wants to find someplace better and cooler than Taco Bell, as much as she loves those soft taco supremes. Maybe something actually worth her time. She heard a few suggestions here and there online, but for the most part, she’s been left to her own devices to find a place.

So, after spending at least ten minutes scrubbing coffee stains out of her clothing, she prepared herself to go out yet again.

Ella hasn’t had the greatest past with food. From strange eating disorders to just the pure disgust of food, she has finally found herself comfortable with eating. Maybe she still gets self-conscious in restaurants, but she will always be a work in progress.

But her determination is whittled down when she finds herself in.. probably the strangest place she’s ever seen. A chanko stew restaurant, with a huge sumo ring in the middle, and sumo wrestlers walking around and conversing together. Because what else gives you an appetite besides watching giant, sweaty men push each other around for sport?

By that sarcastic remark, you can probably tell that she hates this place. This is insanely stupid to her. Maybe she’s just a buzzkill, god knows she is, and she just doesn't understand. But even if she wanted to leave, she was suddenly stopped by a loud, booming voice from above her.

"Hey! You! Are you really gonna leave without trying some chanko stew?"

The large, dark shadow that looms over her head gives her a genuine pang of terror for a small moment as she stares down at the ground, the faint feeling of sweat forming on her forehead obvious. Slowly, she turns to look up at the figure, her face twisted with fear and confusion. She better not get assaulted over leaving a restaurant without eating food...

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Ella is now realizing she has absolutely no reason to be afraid of this guy. Sure, he’s huge, but he’s also a dork. And kinda stupid, in her opinion. E. Honda, was his name? She doesn't care. But he seemed nice enough, so she took a moment to entertain him and talk. And also tried chanko stew for the first time in her life. She hated the stew even more, but she forced herself to give him a weak smile and a shaky thumbs up.

She doesn't have the heart to berate this guy, which is beyond out of character for her.

He made multiple comments about her height and size, commenting how she should eat more, to which she held back a five-page essay worth of insults directed at him. All she could do was scoff and glare at him, a silent reminder to keep the height jokes to a minimum. C'mon, she’s 5’2, that’s completely normal. Well, compared to this guy, maybe it’s not.

She had to leave as soon as he ordered a beer. She'd rather not get terribly triggered in the middle of a packed restaurant, in front of this man she just met. The embarrassment would be beyond explanation.

And now she’s back at home. Slowly, she’s beginning to realize that maybe the world isn't as awful and terrifying as it seems. Despite her pessimistic outlook on life, she’s not blind to the good that can come out of things. Just like anybody else on this planet, he’s a person. He’s just some random guy, living his life and doing what he does best. Whatever makes him happy. How she even started thinking this way is beyond her. Maybe it's just because of how.. happy he seemed. Surely, he's been through plenty of hardships in life, but he never held onto it with bitterness and resentment like she did. So, perhaps, maybe it's time she learns to let go of her past and rebuild herself to a new beginning. One small step at a time.

With this happy outlook in mind, she decided to play a few video games. Maybe, through this positive lens, she can play Bedwars and not scream about killing herself when she loses a game. This is the first step, right?

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“No, no, cmon! Oh my fucking god! I’m actually gonna kill myself I swear to god!”

Yeah, never mind. Nothing is good, everything is bad, she hates everything, and she wants to die. Positivity? What is that. That doesn't exist when she’s losing a game, apparently.

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